



The Worshipers of the Mountain



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Chapter 1 by Lorraine

Deep in the forest of Gulah, there is a Mountain called Kaleahan. All of the villagers of Gulah worshiped the mountain, except for the Rebels. The Rebels were against the government rules, and they found them very unfair. Everyday the villagers were to bring a pail of water up to the top of the mountain, dump the water on a bed of flowers, then return down the miles high mountain. It was said the flowers were the remains of a god that had spread its joy by turning into beautiful flowers. The Rebels found this pointless, and a waste of time. They thought it was time for a change of living. So, Nina, the leader of the rebels, decided to take action, and see if words could in courage change.

Chapter 2 by Reiss Jones



Nina was wrong.

As she entered the village, mumblings began to occur from the local men, women and children. Swiftly ignoring them, she continuing her journey to the centre of the village, where she raised herself onto a near by stump of a tree.

She bellowed.

The villagers, became silent and waited to hear of what was going to be said. Before Nina could even finish the word "Kaleahan" the villagers began to throw rocks at her, injuring one eye and blinding the other. Her guards quickly took up their swords and began their butchery.

It was a lion of what occurred that day and not that a week later, Nina left the village due to their aggressive nature and decided that she would go on her own.

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Chapter 3 by Sarah tonin



The journey first appeared nearly impossible. Nina had started out to begin the trek the day before but quickly realized it was a trip that required provisions. She rose the next morning to begin boiling water from the creek by her hide out camp site where she had stayed since the massacre weeks prior. Before Noon she had snuck up to Sulah's her hermit grandmothers cottage out side the village and asked for some rope a pack in which she could carry water food a knife a blanket and the rope while having hands free to climb with.

Her Grandmother was of poor eye sight but seemed to see more than Nina her self ever noticed. Sulah looked at her like the young rebellious misfit she always knew her granddaughter to be and asked "What is it you hope to find on your journey up the Kaleahan?" her toothless mouth closed tightly lips pursed, her wrinkles all adding to her authentic "wise crone" appeal.

Nina shrugged grabbed the pouch created by Sulah. It contained a variety of herbs and tinctures good to help a number of afflictions to heal as well as give energy when tired and give you sleep when restless or in a great deal of pain. It was made by the old woman as a survivalist's first aid kit to protect her one and only living grandchild, only living blood relative at all.

Nina held the pouch to her nose and inhaled the earthy scent of patchouli and sage, Amber and lavender. All the smells that reminded her of safety and home. It seemed to give her an inner strength. She exhaled and realizing her eyes were closed, opened them wide and said " I will tell you when I find it" She kissed the leathery musky cheek of her old grandmother. "Thank you Nan Sulah" She turned to leave. "Wait you restless child!" she said loudly. grumbling further while walking past her out the door "always in such a hurry to to find new trouble" she shook her head.

Nina curiously followed her grandmother out the door and around to the coop area where she kept her chickens. Sulah opened the door to a wooden shed and a small furry Grey and black Wolf pup emerged happily pouncing and pawing the old woman. "This creature is 'Tatanka' the

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Nina knew better than to argue, she crouched and called the pup to her he ran straight to her and licked her hand happily. "Come Tatanka" Nina said standing. The dark pup obediently followed behind her as she quickly headed for a stealthy retreat back to her camp. She would begin her journey before first light in order to avoid the villagers on their daily sacred mission up The monstrous Mountain of Kaleahan.

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